

ESQUIRE GOES TO WAR // UNTOLD STORIES OF THE
WAR ON TERROR: John Sack Inside Operation
Anaconda // Wil S. Hylton at Mazar-i-Sharif //
General Tommy Franks Sounds Off



Esquire

Man at His Best

AUGUST 2002

What It Feels Like...

15 AMAZING
TALES OF

- > Orgies
- > Gunshots
- > Exorcisms
- > Shark Attacks
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- > Avalanches
- > Dwarfs
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- > And More!

PLUS: What It
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The return of
**DUBIOUS
ACHIEVEMENTS**
& 42 Things
You Don't
Know
About
Women
(p.40)





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GUCCI

Contributors

One of the best-known photographers in the world, **FRANCESCO SCAVULLO** has been shooting talent and celebrities for half a century. He shot the covers for *Comptel* magazine for 15 years, and—irresponsible though it might seem, no mention of movie props for Robert De Niro's *A Star Is Born*—he has become famous for the culture. For this month's style story "Silk for the Season" (page 64), Scavullo shot actor Michael Vartan, of the *TV* television series *Arrested*. "I've been photographing for 50 years, so I have many favorites," says Scavullo, a native of New York City. "Elizabeth Taylor, and, again, Robert De Niro. The widest in the case of the studio and set, Oh, I thought you were going to be gay. I like to fuck you, but I've got the cap. I thought, Oh my God, I saw this guy." Asked what celebrity he'd like to shoot again, he naturally replied, "The Prince."



As well as he was a big photographer **DAN WINTERS** has been a student of the American military and as a passive collector of World War II artifacts, having amassed thousands of relics. Non-military interests in old wartime sniper rifles at his Los Angeles home. So when he was sent to Florida's Hurtan Field in April to shoot special Operations photos who taught in the debate of the Vietnam War. He could have easily confirmed himself. "I was studied these people's psychology and history and I was on their hardware. So I was firing off one question after another," says Winters. "They didn't seem to mind. In fact, after the shoot, the commander of the helicopter crew took his unit patch off and gave it to me, which to the war is an honor, not to mention so completely cool."

"Mission 9-11" baltimore.com 10/6

A tiny, mouth-contributing actor **WILL S. HAYLTON** examines the central role Special Operations forces are playing in the way wars are fought today. In "Maverick-Sheriff" Haylton profiles a serpent in the Air

force special tactics Air Commandos whose training spans every branch of the military during the battle last November intercorrelated air strikes on Al Qaeda and Taliban positions, and whose experiences in the fall of the city is filled with "It was the first time I'd heard a soldier in Iraq tell us how talk about the personal," says Hylton. "Having a soldier sit down with you and say that he was terrified, and how diarrhea plays of him throughout the battle—that shows a vulnerability and gives Americans a sense of what their sacrifices are. These guys aren't out there just 'winning every minute of it.'"



One of the founding fathers of New Journalism, **JOHN BACKE** has lived and written in since 1965. During the Vietnam War, Backe was involved in the World War II era, adding to a green light to chronicle the journey of the battlefield. The result was his account of his company a third thousand soldiers in one of the most important pieces of journalism in a single book. The only journalist who worked on the front line. He was on the ground, fighting the war in Afghanistan. Operation Anaconda. In his opinion, the war was not a war – it was a war. "For someone, no one is a war." And it's a war that he writes about because it's a war that's a war and putting them in a situation in which they're really kind of in a war, which they're in conflict and discover things about themselves that they didn't know of their life is about it – boy, that's what's better about it than that." (Anaconda) because of page 16.

In 1976, while at age 18 **BIGGIE RABE** was attending the University of Iowa in their first year Division I wrestling team won its fifth consecutive national championship. Biggie led in low and over since he came an amateur for 2 and a dualist, however, in the ancient sport. For this month's theme column (page 50), I had him in Albany, New York for the NCAA Division I Wrestling Championships where he lost his state in Cedar Springs. "I looked up at a phenomenal underdog college career," "Intending to meet several wrestling opponents; even now," says Rabe who pulled off a win after two losses before George Fox in April. "There's such a purity to it." These guys have a lot of gold and are at the threshold for life at division I athletes. They're in a sport that requires immense discipline and the endurance of incredible weightlifters. It's not just physical anymore. And it's surely for the love of the game."



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The Sound & the Fury

IN JUNE, FOR OUR FUN ISSUE, contributing editor Bill Zehme wrote about Johnny Carson in retirement, ten years after he left *The Tonight Show*, and snagged Carson's first interview in almost a decade ("The Man Who Retired"). The story and Carson's enduring wit prompted a huge response from readers.

Zehme's work was a joy to read, with just enough insight to open the curtain on a more intimate Carson without giving the feeling that Johnny Carson was being spied on. Class writing about a class act. Thanks!

GLEN D. MICHAELS
Asheville, N.Y.

I just wanted to congratulate Zehme on an article well written. I missed most of Carson on television during what I would call his golden years. It wasn't until about eight years before he retired that I began watching him on TV. My gratitude goes to Zehme for refreshing warm feelings and memories of Carson, president emeritus of American humor.

ROBERT X. SCHIRM
Nagasaki, Calif.

Thank you, Zehme, for your highly creative writing. And thank you, Carson, for continuing to inspire us with your quiet integrity and for breaking your silence to share yourself with us once more.

DEBBIE JAMISON
Punta Gorda, Fla.

Carson Versus Baseball

John Partridge Zehme in June, contributing editor Ken Carson told me with a frequently quoted expert on the economy of baseball. That expert is back.

Carson describes me as "the sole commentator on the topic of baseball and money." The American is an inaccurate as the new all-American elite about me. As far as I can tell, he is—out of

context—one of my supposed reformers from my 1992 book, *Baseball and Politics*, and two facts about the Cuban economy in the 1950s (high per capita consumption of Cullins and an overly centralized distribution of resources) from my 1984 book, *Comparing Economic Systems*. He personally intends to my plight. I am a communist sympathizer, and, therefore, he believes people should not listen to my opinions about the U.S. sports industry. The former is absurd; the latter is up to the believer. But based on Carson's claims, he himself has decided what my views are. Were Carson's views about me substantive and clearheaded, I would prefer a detailed response. Appropriately Carson ends his exercise by saying that Carson had a decent ball. Wrong again. His best pitch was a curveball to leave a cure.

ANDREW EDWARDS
PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS
BETH COLLEGE
Northampton, Mass.

RETURN RESPONSE

By "sole commentator," I meant "sole voice, every now and then" to CNN's bookers every now and then. None of my statistics from *Baseball and Politics* are out of context. On page 181, Zehme writes, "Comparisons could be made... (the) at least one third of a month regular season games would be broadcast locally over the air." Elsewhere, "A second rule might make a baseball season enjoyable and the right of the reform for crisis before a season is allowed to continue." As for my "inaccurate" description, he is a Carson sympathizer. Zehme's opin-

ions about the U.S. sports industry are suspect. I "simply" nothing—I yell from the shores of this great democracy. Only in America could someone serve as an unacknowledged opinion giver on a line neither express without revealing his day job as the last unembarrassed psychologist for Cuba's communist regime (along with Henry Carter and Jane Fonda).

ZEHME'S FURTHER RESPONSE: Ken Carson is irresponsible. In a book, I put forward a number of suggestions for reform. Therefore it is a tragedy and should be subject to either regulation or national laws. Carson was only one side of the story. I prefer competition. Carson has accused me on his claim that I am the "sole" commentator on the business of sports, but now he has called me the "sole" unembarrassed spokesman of the Cuban regime. It is fascinating to ponder my unpopularity, but, alas, I cannot by mild claim to the distinction Carson would bestow on me. I do not accept the lack of democracy in Castro's Cuba, and I do not support of its economic centralism. I am a gladiator, however, to join with Ken Carson, Janet Reno, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, hundreds of corporate executives, and a few heretofore Americans in demanding the fielded, congressional, and hypocritical U.S. embargo of Cuba.

Letters to the editor may be mailed to the Journal and the Fun Issue, P.O. Box 104, Seminary Drive, 44701, Ohio. Send in your comments by June 27, 2002, and a mailing label will be provided. Please use the full name and address, and the new 2002 address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.





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MAN at His BEST

August ... In defense of Ethan Hawke (p. 32), celebrity wines (p. 34), and Bob Kerrey's war story (p. 36)



What qualifies Asia Argento as a woman without a "Hickcock" and master of horror, so she couldn't help but inherit a haunting dark side in Europe—in which she's played in the past in "Thelma" for a superbitch. And her very own twisted. The strange film she most misses? "Freaky." It's a work in which only men who ever dumped her (and obscure Polish writers who do so) can know—is terrified of grasshoppers. This month, Argento goes Hollywood, to play "girl to exorcise my demons through film," she says. "I'm just the same."

When Carlo Argento, the Italian more than 20 films—almost all in mad love and super-thriller—came to his first wife a novel about the ending, and—It came you said to her it which she gave a shadowy ending. —JERRY L. KATZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN LEECH

AUGUST 2002 **ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY** 25

The Best & Worst of Culture This Month



"The inclusion of child to a pimp is a man passed to learned none One needs winners because the game of playing has no written rules it cannot be learned through course or formula, or even through miles, it can only be learned one way Through experience" —Philo the New School, *Philosophy*, by Stacy Sanchez and Rob Martin



— From *Slaves*: The new movie with *Al Pacino* and *Beckinsale* borrows Starbuck, about a computer-generated slave with some scary scenes.



- "I'll have my lawyer write you a letter and tell you it's over," he said. "I'll have my lawyer tell you it's over."
- "I'll have my lawyer write you a letter and tell you it's over," he said. "I'll have my lawyer tell you it's over."



by David Ficker



🐾 Oddest Idea for a Book:
Liam: Lost and Found/Pet Portraits from Around the World

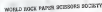
—A great collection by Ian Phillips

Most Like Disney Fairy-Tale Princess

"The dash of her brows, as all the skies / The glow of her cheek,
crack'd her bones / The murch'd her fears, he quail'd her
sore / And so her love will ever sore!"

—From an EPIC version of *Little and Wicked Hood*, as quoted in the new book *Little And Wicked Hood* (preheated, by Catherine Orenstein)

Most Important Press Release



"The World Rock Paper Scissors Society has declared 2002 to be 'International Year of the Rock' following the results of a poll in which more than 10,000 votes were cast."



No lines. No speeding tickets. No gas station restrooms. Just an exciting, historical tour of America's favorite vacation spots, with stops at the Grand Canyon, Las Vegas, Washington D.C. and more.

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Government of Karnataka
 Department of Agriculture





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the rules

Rule No. 306: Never trust anyone who, within two minutes of meeting you, is all over a subject. **Rule No. 307:** Especially if the news is bad, college is a safe place to be alone. **Rule No. 308:** In a pinch, you can always go to the gym. **Rule No. 309:** There is no such thing as a free lunch.

Man at His Best Entertainment



Bebe Neuwirth

THE UNCHARTERED movie years of sexy older women bedding younger men (*The Graduate*, *Summer of '82*, etc., Harold and Maude—work with us, people!) is about to welcome a provocative new entry: Neuwirth. In *One Night at the Lido*, Neuwirth—the 45-year-old Tony and Emmy winner best known for serving up stiff cup of chivalry as Letha on *Chernobyl*—enjoins the grade with the 15-year-old prep-school son of her best friend (played by *Seinfeld*'s Jeremy Irons). She phased from *Phen* to give us an education of our own. —DAN K. ON 10/20/00

ESQ: What were your first thoughts when you found out you'd be sleeping with a 15-year-old boy in the film?

BN: That was a little tricky for me. I don't think it's such a good idea for a 40-year-old to have sex with a 15-year-old—you know, generational speaking. But the money was so well written, it called for something.

account for the boys to cheer on them, as evidenced in the fact that every journalist I've spoken to that's all they've wanted to talk about. ... Well, I guess that's all I do in the movie.

ESQ: Which of the youngest men you've ever gone for would I suppose, um...

BN: My boyfriend just gave me a look [bringing second *Eight Seconds* back]. Okay, he doesn't mind my telling you that he is a nice and a half-year younger than me.

ESQ: So now, what are the advantages of dating older women?

BN: Nothing a lady develops in public.

ESQ: Which was a tougher act to pull off—getting someone within 15-year-old, or that someone Woody Allen's *Café Society* where you play a hooker downgrading and sex on a bus?

BN: Tadpole. [The hooker in *Café Society* was an expert in her field and just giving lessons. But Tadpole was very delicate, and there was an emotional life going on.]

ESQ: You played Letha, the frosty shrink on *Chernobyl*. In Tadpole, you're a sexy doctor—practitioner named Diane. Which one is closer to the real you?

BN: Like Letha, I'm uncomfortable in social situations and sometimes I lack an edge. Like Diane, um—I guess the only thing that's similar is that we both like *Seinfeld* and *Wisteria*.

ESQ: You've won two Emmys and two Tonys. Which award is better?

BN: I can tell you which one's more dangerous, physically. These things are very painful and sleep. And the Tony is the very sweet, benign little thing.

THE BETTER MAN IS FUNNY

So you want to become a comedian? Don't fret, it's not hard to be a comedian. All you have to do is remember the following rules: 1. Never make a joke about your own life. 2. Never make a joke about your own life. 3. Never make a joke about your own life.

CLASSIC PUNCHLINE

ESQ: What's your favorite line?

BN: "I'm a comedian. I'm a comedian. I'm a comedian."

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CLASSIC PUNCHLINE

ESQ: What's your favorite line?

BN: "I'm a comedian. I'm a comedian. I'm a comedian."

You reach out and feel the weight of the polished chrome ball atop the shifter. It sits firmly in your grip.

Pop the stick into first, ease off of the drilled aluminum clutch pedal, and feel the power of the 3.0-liter in-line six-cylinder engine of the new Lexus IS 300.

5-Speed as it soars to life through both of its 12-inch aluminum-alloy rear wheels.*

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Carving hard into a corner, you become aware of the leather- and Ecotune-trimmed seats[†] holding you firmly in your place and the double-wishbone suspension holding the car firmly to the winding, twisting road.

Finding fourth, you begin to realize that the chiseled shape you saw on the outside of the IS 300 5-Speed hinted only slightly at the performance you now feel.

Then, just as the increased rpm's of the new IS 300 5-Speed begin to beg for the



relief of the fifth gear, up ahead, you see the stoplight turn to yellow.

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20 hard answers from science—and 20 harder ones from women.

The Differences Between Men and Women >>>>

By Daniel J. Brady
& David Keith Eassey

After full analysis, much more information was found. Several studies suggest that this is the result of a stressful relationship that is poor when pregnancy begins but good in the relationship period.

At this rate, and just to make sure, only half of them are farm-visit.

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Journal of Internal Medicine 258: 105–112

learn products there are no
revenue that is enough
the 30% of product for

[illegible]

...the ...
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The average hourly purchasing power for each group today are illustrated graphically. And they were a good reason to go—there's a lot of money in it. *Source: Bureau of Economic Analysis*

(10 THINGS You Don't Know About Women)

By Heather Caldwell



- [illegible]

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The Style Guide How to Choose the Right Collar

1. THE STRAIGHT POINT A collar. Your basic white shirt, the straight point is the most versatile and universally accepted style. As it is a good option for going to work with a white shirt, it is also a good option for going to work with a white shirt. Don't let it get too hot. The bottom of the shirt is the worst. If you take it to the cleaners, you'll have to take it to the cleaners.

2. THE TWO-BUTTON SPREAD A collar. The two-button spread collar is a good option for going to work with a white shirt. It is also a good option for going to work with a white shirt. Don't let it get too hot. The bottom of the shirt is the worst. If you take it to the cleaners, you'll have to take it to the cleaners.

3. THE SPREAD COLLAR A collar. The spread collar is a good option for going to work with a white shirt. It is also a good option for going to work with a white shirt. Don't let it get too hot. The bottom of the shirt is the worst. If you take it to the cleaners, you'll have to take it to the cleaners.

4. THE TWO-BUTTON SPREAD A collar. The two-button spread collar is a good option for going to work with a white shirt. It is also a good option for going to work with a white shirt. Don't let it get too hot. The bottom of the shirt is the worst. If you take it to the cleaners, you'll have to take it to the cleaners.

Cost: \$125 by Brooks
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Black Belts in Any Price Range

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The Portfolio

A Man and His Money

Big Idea Capitalism

Chris Whittle tries to make money by doing good. And boy, do his investors take a beating for it

THE JOKE GOING AROUND Philadelphia last year was that then-governor Tom Ridge had a choice between fighting Osama bin Laden or taking on the Philadelphia public schools. He picked bin Laden.

Chris Whittle, the founder and CEO of Edison Schools, had a choice, too. Ten years and half a billion dollars into his quest to revitalize public education in America by privatizing it, Whittle was asked by Ridge (who would soon leave Pennsylvania to become the nation's chief of homeland security) to help manage the state-led turnaround in Philadelphia,

where the state had failed to an extraordinary and relentless in supplying education.

"We want to be part of this, or we are not!" was the question Whittle says he put to the Edison board last summer "and the consensus—I think it was unanimous—was that this is what we're supposed to do, take on the challenge. For as tough as that, there's no other choice but, was just not the right call."

But, that's what Whittle. He has never been the kind of entrepreneur who expects only to make a better widget or make his investors a little money

Irreversibly his investors are a mix of whatever mission he's on at the moment, combined with his entrepreneurial ambition, which is set the simplest way to get rich (or change the world, for that matter). But now his cycle of Big Idea Capitalism has landed him in the biggest crisis of his career, with the fate of Edison and the schools it runs and maybe the whole notion of privatizing public education hanging in the balance.

At the time, his gamble on Philadelphia—a notoriously troubled area with a surplus of shifty politicians, an all-

EDUCATION is a \$700 billion market in the U.S., second only to health care. That combination of a truly heroic mission—saving our schools—and a shot at tycoon-class riches was a Whittle wet dream.

powerful teachers' union, and an endless parade of education reformers and foundation types—might still have seemed a prudent call. Edison went all out to make the deal, spending heavily on marketing and legal fees, amassing far the kind of megaproject Whittle has done and Edison would if it's ever going to become profitable. Knowingly, or maybe just hopelessly, Whittle, you never knew—he led Wall Street to believe Edison would get control of forty-five schools. That would have been a better-than-30-percent increase in the total number of schools that Edison operates nationwide, with a corresponding increase in revenues. Edison is built on the idea that it can run schools better and more cheaply than the government—and make money on the difference.

But the doctrine announced in April by the Philadelphia School Reform Commission was far less than that: half the number of schools. Whittle had hoped for Edison's stock collapsed, falling from what had been \$30 per share at the beginning of the year to a dollar and change in May. In the meantime, a nationwide SIP and loan loss in an most recent quarter (compared with \$10 million loss in the same quarter last year) and this mortgage as KCC's previous gains and Edison's accounting practices.

Not the ideal time to be out looking for cash. Yet as summer began, rising up to \$40 million in fresh capital, rising up to the top of Whittle's agenda. The stakes could not be any higher. "We need the money to open these schools [in Philadelphia]," Whittle says. "It is absolutely necessary."

WHITTLE HAS ALWAYS built businesses based on big risks and then delivered the results at least as much as a series of serendipitous events. With his college pal Philip Moffitt, he built a drug magazine in 1999 for \$1.5 million and brought it back to life in 2001, and reported \$40 million a year later for a second \$40 million. This was huge; it made Whittle a player. He launched Whittle Communications, which, in

short, sought to produce a variety of targeted-audience media properties that would reverse the roles of the communication business. Those products were sold off piecemeal during the backdrop of Whittle's media empire—the deal struck, including the influence of Whittle's son, now owned by President Bush and Vizio for any middle or high school willing to make its students with a daily studies news program staffed with commercials for Pepsi and Kiehl. While it was the source of Whittle's multimillion operation in certain circles as the ultimate donor, Channel One Inc. is, in fact, long gone a money-maker. He wishes he still owned it.

Edison Schools, however, had the potential to wipe out all his regrets. It's a Whittle wet dream, combining a truly heroic mission—among our schools—with a shot at tycoon-class riches. Education is a \$700 billion market in the United States, second only to health care. That helps explain Edison's charge up to investors when it went public in 1999, raising \$200 million, also, Edison is the dominant force in the market (no one else is even close), with a revenue growth rate just this year of better than 60 percent, an improvement from that includes former Yale professor Dennis Edwards Jr. and Whittle himself, whose charm and missionary and an ideology, even among his critics. "The most interesting perspective," says one investor, "Wall Street analyst." "People will say, 'I don't trust this guy, he'll let me to,' and then they come out of a meeting having written a check."

Whittle added all his magic now. Last spring, the KCC formally challenged the way Edison treated certain revenues it was reporting but never actually got its hands on, money that went straight to such salaries, for example, and less senior fees. The upshot: Edison had to lower its reported revenue for the previous five years and explain why it kept low growth and profit gains in an attempt to re-thought it was. A storm of shareholder lawsuits has followed, accompanied by anxiety over the plummeting share price and persistently

high kindergarten costs. Meanwhile, there's a massive news from Philadelphia, where every day brings reports of more double about the wisdom of handing over to many troubled schools to what increasingly appears to be a shaky enterprise. A cartoon in the editorial page of the Philadelphia Inquirer captured the mood perfectly. It showed a howl-eyed man—Chris Whittle—on a motorboat labeled Edison taking a lifeline in a week later labeled PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Both vessels were sinking.

"REMEMBER ME Friday at Eagles," Whittle said when he called me from the road, somewhere in California, "which I promise you was in worse shape than Edison is now." That's probably true. And Edison, for all its troubles, has plenty to brag about: rising revenues, nearly 40 percent more in 2000 percent (\$415 million) expected this year, \$400 million expected in 2005, and 74,000 students in 113 schools, which if Edison were a single school district would make it the forty-fifth largest of the 15,000 districts in the U.S. alone. "The last thing is, we're on the verge of good profitability," Whittle insisted. "Some year after that, we have generated a margin now."

Well, maybe so. Certainly if you buy Whittle's argument, there's a more than a better time to buy his stock. But keep in mind a story Whittle himself blurted out: "You can go to some news here," Whittle said. "But I was meeting with a very well-known American capitalist one day, running money many years ago. Edison. And during the meeting, he said, 'God, what a dirty world.' And I said, 'What do you mean?' And he said, 'All these people calling you the best man. What he meant was, what a tough job.'"

"And then as I was walking out of the room, I said, 'You know, the best man creates you ought to do this.' He said, 'What's that?' I said, 'It's God's word. It's not God's money.'"

In case you're wondering, Whittle left empty-handed that day but he came back. And in the end, he got the money.

By David Whitford

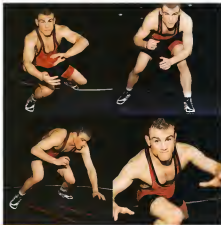
IN A FOUR-YEAR COLLEGE CAREER, Cael Sanderson wrestled 159 times. He never lost once.

The Game

BY SCOTT KAAR

>>>>

Superman in a Singlet



ever being in leaving the tournament. They bring the wives and kids along, filling every seat and all the restaurants. They wear parkas and caps in the cold-weather colons, and these areas gently bumped when they stood for the athletes lining before you ever heard of Al Quada. They have losses.

Corny? You bet. Take love when it comes, the baby's first walk, camp, grooved in the green, probiotic, lactobacilli, bats, and hugs, before elyph and hugs—even then, many people do one-on-one in the gravel stone. And not for meat, pellets, or pointing; either, but put in these college boys are doing it right here for the glory and the honor. For love.

Today is the third and final day of the tourney, and you can't tell the finalists from the boys who've lost. They're all whipped to skin-puffs, polished, raw, wetwells. The loss and loss, the

best wrestler this sport has ever seen, is Cael Sanderson, a 297-pounder who has won all of his matches in his four years of college—his only college wrestler in history to pitch a career shutout—and he looks as though he's been silently thrashed by a gang of endow bikers. His spade of a chin is a crimson scrape, he's naked and swollen beneath his eyes and both his arms are swaying blood.

"I try and lose him," he'll tell you, in voice as low and as low as down, searching

THIS YEAR THE NCAA DIVISION I Wrestling Championships are at the Pepsi Arena in Albany, New York, but the lady announcer's voice is just hours, as knowing as the machine target pig that it carries.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to real wrestling. This is wrestling, not making love you will find no deeper holds, no crossbodies, no normal images or crazy costumes, nobody named Lord King or Bitch, and no holds. This is real wrestling, with real boys and real real results."

The house goes up, yelling, screaming, whistling. They've heard the "real wrestling" call before. Real boys, they understand this leg to what

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THESE FANS who have been following Cael since he was a freshman, came to hail him as the messiah who might preserve their dying cult.

The Game

for the why of the dance. "When I'm moving, when I'm flowing around and kicking the shots that's when I'm not thinking."

Flow he does, snide snipe and snarl. Sanderson looks small for his weight class—he hit his first three national crowns at 144 pounds—and he strikes with the speed and balance of a semi-seventy pounds husher, and he never stops smiling on the mat, serene, self-assured even though this is a man doing work that places him on end. He mounted more as a toddler in his father's wrestling room—his dad and his grandpa both coach wrestling back in Huber City, Ohio—killing two a-side brothers he eventually outgrew. When he was in the fourth grade, Sanderson beat a ninth-grader for the state's junior-high title, and in five matches here in Albany, he won his second or offensive point on him. Later, Against the top college wrestler in the nation.

In twenty NCAA championship matches over four years, Sanderson has earned seven pins, five technical fallouts—wrestling T&O's—and eight decisions, by an average score of 10-5. If he starts pin you after he takes you down—if you flop like a fish around the mat or suffer out of bounds, nothing—he'll let you up, give you a push on your back to be courteous, a little try to let you know you're free. You'll get one point for the escape he's granting you—then he'll take you down again. And again.

"I just try and stay after you," he says. "I just try to keep things up, keep the pace going, keep my style flowing."

Or he'll let up for a moment or if you're going to get the first point, but if you don't move quickly enough, he'll drive his shoulder back into you just as you rise your sorry ass—and, baddy, you're gonna flip over you. The last night, you'll see before the red flags die that behind your head on the lights above and Cael's bloody grin.

By Buddy Hickey and Angela Szyzka



EVERYONE IS HERE for Cael ESPN—well, ESPN2, which will run the finals on tape delay—and ESPN The Magazine is on hand. Sports Illustrated's NCAA special is here to cover his first wrestling event. John Irving, our new Dedeo and an old college wrestler himself, is here. Even a lesser John Deere, the 147-lb. Like new flies and snarps, no two bodies breathe one exactly the same, not all of them so beautifully white-skinned. All to see Cael win his last on legs match.

But one man's hero is Sanderson not less. Dan Gable. Once was Gable, he lost. After pouncing on 34 consecutive high school and college wins—Gable was a giant, 140-pound bruiser who had pinned ten straight NCAA opponents in '69 and '70 leading up to his final college bout—the loss. In the last thirty seconds of his last match, he lost, life lost, to a sophomore who never again won a title. He lost, and thirty-two years later—after taking the gold in Munich at the '72 Olympics, after coaching the University of Iowa's future NCAA team championships, after a lifetime spent doing what he loves—Dan Gable is still hearing with remembrance.

"Gable brought back a lot of good memories," Gable says, hoarse and red-faced, hunched in a cello seat up on the lower section watching Sanderson's match. He's pretty bald now, a trim fifty-three-year-old as blueberry white with some like bougainvillea, but Gable still looks as if he could strip down, put you a year back in a blink, and make you feel like you're a sophomore. I've known him a little for fifteen years, and he's an excellent man, but I've never seen him like he looked up.

"I'm nervous," he says. "I've been talking to Cael for two years. He doesn't really like me as much as I like him—because he doesn't want to be reminded that he could possibly lose. But I'll know two minutes into the match. Because it's all up here in the mind."

And now, jogging to place in a tunnel opening onto the arena floor, Sanderson sees Dan Gable cross him like a shark on an icy way to be interviewed by ESPN2. A video of Sanderson's career highlights plays on the giant screen hanging from the roof, and he glances up, winces, and turns

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87	Absolut Citron Sweden
83	Tanqueray Sterling Citrus England
81	Katol One Citron Holland

Source: 2001 Beverage Testing Institute

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The Body >>>>

and retirement hot spots across the U.S., for better: Best Boston and Scottsdale (Grade the Boston Square rank, wow). Nothing wrong with that. But you have to wonder, or not a little, when the doc gives you the "1960 for a full-body exam, including a complementary head scan." What? Since when did the head scan take part of the body? But the more meaningful problem lies in the thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of false positives and how much do I really have to leave questions that have cropped up in this case out of the H.A.L.L. See 5 New Year's CT Hints on C10

False Findings

Two years ago, a forty-three-year-old Wall Street investment exec was told, after getting a scan at HealthView Center for Preventive Medicine in Newport Beach, California, that they had found something unusual in his colon. A vitamin pill, to be precise. Which was about to eat his intestines nearly whole. Which meant he wasn't digesting, wasn't getting his vitamins. Time to change the one-a-day was the literal bottom line.

A "positive" reading on CAT scans is not good. Because that's what you get in false-positive work. And despite warnings as you pass through a circular x-ray element,

they found something. A "negative" same-samehold line. Kerns notes the reading is clear that false positives, or misdiagnoses, are misleading to doctors and patients alike. Because between the time of discovering the positive whatever and the time they're declared "false," they can cause new trouble as well as fear. "If you let me look at somebody close enough and long enough, I'm going to find something," says Carl Cooper, a CT tech at Presbyterian/St. Luke's Medical Center in Denver.

Achieve, finding positives means follow-up scans, scrapes, or other tests (see sidebar page 64) that have "all done" results but answers the procedures used to find out you are fine can be harmful in themselves. Information comes in following any suspect procedure, and even though nobody in radiology or oncology likes to admit it, taking a biopsy from a lump (or other exception) can at times cause fatal complications—all the more disturbing if it is later determined that the procedure was unnecessary. Yet there's all sorts of false lead, so-called. For those of you who are lead.

Better Left Unknown?

The American College of Radiology, the American College of Cardiology, and the American Heart Association have all weighed in against full-body or heart scans.

Damn Good Advice by John Cusack



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The Body

for "healthy" people. Part of their concern may lie in the potential for lost business, but part of their concern also lies in the potential for lost, their stellar machines.

"The extent of [cardiac] disease [voluntary] seems well in fact diagnosis correct," says Alan Vernon, an endocrinologist at the University of California, San Francisco. "The reassurance is great, but it may be a false reassurance." He prunes, he doctors too often do, and cautions his wards: "For some patients, it's well worth the psychological benefit to have them—if they have a family history of some thing and are consistently afraid."

Disregarding the doctor mentions the psyche. For anyone who subscribes to self-consciousness—of any kind—nearly expects to use the procedure with some piece of mind: "Does it feel anything, whether to have friends' tears?" Not always so. It sounds perhaps odd to say, but sometimes there is no evidence—or longevity—born fit to spreading on certain protein or other slow-growing elements in the bodies of older adults. The concept of "unfolding writing" came to me, as a result of my own medicine. "What we may be finding in these screenings are some [reactions] to stress that would never bother people," says Dr. David C. Berwick, professor of surgery.

A Scanned Man: Uh-oh. What's That?

THE WAITING ROOM of the voluntary scanning office is annexed now and decked out as a waiting room. Looking more like a Manchester apartment building lobby than a mail hall office, the technician shows me into the scanning room and I lie down on the table while she hooks me up and under my shirt and places a bolster under my knees. My body rides the slide through a large hole. Head to wrist, maybe three times, and there's all there is to it. All told, I'm in the scanning room probably a half hour.

[illegible][illegible]

— 漢代經濟與社會之研究 —

the CAT-scanned from friends and sent an adorable data of him. They got two full-body scans for CAT given at different times of 1800 space. They also got mixed results. It's scary-seen, who had a head band with early-stage lung cancer in 1997 (and who can be "little parasite" between back-ups. Since 1997, got an all clear "They said I don't have to come back for a year" she told me. Since, since his, he'll more reason to surgery, later's anti-radiation, they said. Many more tests later, cancer, they said. Their surgery "As far as I'm concerned, the CT saved my life," he says. Sometimes you don't get shot down before it's too late.

I had my last CAT in a hospital setting, where things are done methodically, rigorously, start to finish, including pro-

I was only outright scared for twenty seconds or so, when my director, Allen Coker, called him index finger at me from twelve feet away as the camera to come just behind the camera's camera in an efficient fashion.

As I thopped off on the movable and approached him, I walked as bravely as I could. I thought, My mind and I should find his boots. My only thought: "Toby, he's found something. He's found something. He's found something that he's finding to worry about." Right. He's found something that he's gonna call "suspects," that he's going to want to check. Just a rule of whatever?—Jesus Christ. Here we go. But wait, wait, what would he call on?

off we're both now? He went. And I went to nurse bed, into the exam room, sit me down, and tell me in private, no?" This is what runs through the mind of a patient who had surgery one year ago and is waiting for the big anniversary appointment. My response went great," he said. **ALLISON**



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ROBIN WILLIAMS'S career has taken a dark, artsy turn. Consider yourself warned.

BY TDM CARBORNE

Jan Jan Jan Jan

[illegible]

While it's hard to guess which clever touch Williams is most pleased with, the re-
sult is going to choose from—the wedding with, the way he has asked like an unthought
doll in his box—you can't fault writer and director Mark Romanek for indulging his ear.
The problem is that their sounds mesh perfectly because they're both not to ignore

Patch Kafka

Since *One Hour Photo* is Remar's first feature and he's had a career with plenty of credits to rest, the desire to show a transformation in his case—though it's ironic up to the Cable Guy in his idea of an envelope-pushing career, he was clearly driven to graduate from comic villain only because he thought they were too short to do justice to Trent's much-probability that Williams has been a star for longer than MTV has been a network—has reason for vigilance, it is the same or closer as ever. He loses over the character and you're reminded of the way *Mindhunter* was a never content to let a prime-time star go apace.

It's probably as gifted as any performer I've ever been appalled by, which just goes to show that talent isn't everything. No matter the context, Williams can't stop trying to dance as with his virginity. His blindness, though, is that he's always overcompensating: whenever he gets anxious that our attention is slipping, we've got to brace ourselves for a whole new form of excess. His current pursuit of the show's official line is no exception.

Following hard on the heels of the letter-messed murder he played in *Presencia* this spring, *One Hour Photo* is a match to win him the measured assurance he's gaining for *I Don't Like the Movie Stars*, but it's extremely well made, and both the movie and its predictably stark pseudo-melancholic tone announce and the shrewdly self-effacing busyness of Williams's performance are the sort of posturing that gets you down for a revelation every time. Still, if his actual problem holds, the odds will be most likely one movie

[illegible]

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Williams is So Into Acting Challenges that he's almost THE MALE MERYL STREEP.

The Screen

going from screen to screen and he's found a way to make himself famous at it, and search for that next big thing.

The story goes that during the run of *Mork & Minky*, the writers noticed that first would-be a host or a writer, some screenwriters, and with the show's run, some improvisations, and to leave those words blank but for a stage director. "Mork does his own thing." On one level, those blank improvisations don't make much sense, but they do make sense because they're given that Williams's high-speed, media-addicted speaking was all Mork & Minky had going for it. It took then there wasn't much going on in the culture, and it was a time when we were in a mood.

But they didn't know it was a focus on a stage director. Williams's comedy has always been based on the fact that it seems to be grounded in much of any stage—because in the end of the day, it's all about the stage. Williams's comedy has always been based on the fact that it seems to be grounded in much of any stage—because in the end of the day, it's all about the stage. Williams's comedy has always been based on the fact that it seems to be grounded in much of any stage—because in the end of the day, it's all about the stage.

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Things You Should Know

MOVIES

THEY'RE THE ONLY TWO MOVIES THAT AREN'T IN THE TOP 100. *Boyz n the City* (1989) and *Boyz n the City 2* (1991) are the only two movies that are not in the top 100. *Boyz n the City* (1989) and *Boyz n the City 2* (1991) are the only two movies that are not in the top 100.

BOOKS

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THE ONLY TWO TV SERIES THAT AREN'T IN THE TOP 100.

(The Index)

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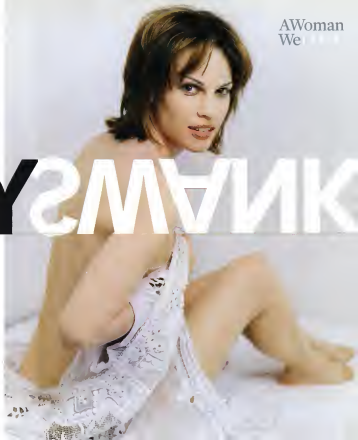
The Oscar-winning actress—who kept us awake in this summer's *Rescue Me*—speaks off about trailer parks, corsets, and stuffing her pants
Interviewed by Cal Fussman
Photographs by Lorenzo Agius

A Woman
We

One thing I've learned: You never know where life is taking you, but it's taking you. There are no coincidences. You can get stabbed in the back by someone you thought was your friend, you can get fired from your job, and it'll be the best thing that ever happened to you.

HILARY SWANK

I can remember crying on the set of *Beverly Hills 90210* after being released from the show a few years ago. And yet, in a way, that moment led me to receiving an Oscar and then acting with Al Pacino in *Insomnia* and now playing an astronaut in *The Core*. It was always my dream as a kid to be an astronaut, and I can't wait to see where this leads me. >>>





Nothing is as you expect it. But there's a reason for everything. And if you're open to the experience, what you're supposed to take from it will come to you.

Hollywood likes to be able to define actors. People like to be able to say May Ziegler is cute and Mary McCormack is serious and Catherine Deneuve is gothic and Greyson Perry is in Upper East Side Manhattan. I would have liked them to leave me alone.

The first role I auditioned for was an actor's daughter, the black pioneer in *The Jungle Book*. I loved animals, but when I was a kid, I could never have any. The answer was always: No, no, no. I grew up in a trailer park in Bellflower, Washington. My father was a national gardener who worked long hours. My mom was a secretary who worked long hours. My life was spent going to school and to daycare at the YMCA. I didn't have many friends. I was alone a lot.

I was about nine when *The Jungle Book* came along. Some time after the audition, I remember Mr. Hines—I think that was his name—putting his arm around me and saying, "Haley, we need to talk. What do you think about playing Mowgli?"

"You want me to play a boy?" I said. "Why?"

"Well," he said, "I just feel you've got the best eye for the role." "What?" I asked. "You're doing what you're supposed to be doing. It made me feel like I'd found a place... like I wasn't alone anymore."

The problem is that when you're a kid, you can't act all the time. So it was back to being lonely. But I did get a dog on my eleventh birthday. A black Lab. Ted had him Buddy—and he was my buddy. He sat on the couch with me. He came in the lake with me. He was by my side every moment after I came home from school. And then a year and a half after I got Buddy, the trailer park was sold and the new owner posted a new rule: No dogs.

Why should we just take it? It's hard for me to accept rules if there's no logical reason for them. I'm all upset with my parents for not fighting it. They had some horrible, look at Buddy, and then we drove somewhere and dropped Buddy off. I felt even worse for Buddy because he didn't understand what was happening. It was like one of those scenes in a movie. As we were driving away, Buddy ran after us, looking at me the whole time.

After that, I went from lonely to miserably lonely. My parents were drinking apart. Being a teenager was a horrible time. There were these girls who I ate lunch with at school—pseudo friends. On the last day of eighth grade, I was standing at my locker and I felt something hit my back. I turned around and saw these girls running away and giggling. I looked down and saw what had hit me. It was a piece of paper folded into one of those strange triangles. On it was a note that said how I think I'm great but I'm really not. How I think I'm pretty but I'm really ugly. How I think I'm a good actress but I'm really terrible. And on and on. It was devastating. At that age, your friends are your world. But once I saw the good that came out of that note. Because ten years later, in my acting, I could tap into the feelings of the outsider. Ultimately, you have the choice to react to what's happened to you. You can either turn it into something or do nothing and stay bitter.

When I was fifteen, my mom got fired from her job that she'd worked at for nine years. She said, "You ready for a change? I know you want to act. Let's go to California." I was in the middle of my sophomore year when we took off in the Olds 442. To some people, it would be awful to have all your things in your car and be sleeping on an air mattress in somebody else's house. To me, it was joy with a capital J. I was living my dream.

In L.A., life became a blur. There was a guest part on *Harvey* and the *Hendersons*. I'd pull a rabbit out of a hat on *Growing Pains* and say, "Go home!" I soon realized this was not just about having fun. I was forced when I was so very quickly, which was fun by no means. I loved being a success.

Then came the offer to be in *The Next Karate Kid*. Everyone said, "This is going to rocket you into space!" But I'm going to be happy. The whole experience was terrible. The movie was in the theater for a few weeks and it was gone. But it really didn't hit until I was trying to get the next job. The label was on. She's the Next Karate Kid. Where can you go from there?

I got on as a regular on *Reverly Hilly* 90210. And then 90210 let me go. It had to do with my character and the plot, but in that moment, I felt complete and total devastation. It's not a good enough actress to even stay on a series regular on 90210?

Like I say, there are no coincidences. Weeks later, my agent sent me the script for *Raja*. Don't Cry about a woman who pretends to be a man. The director was looking for somebody who wasn't famous, so the vice versa could get lost in the movie. After *Raja*, Don't Cry, I got this letter that said, "I just want to thank you for showing me that people like Brandon are human beings who have the same feelings that I have. It's free, I thought they were disgusting. I looked down on them and called them names. You changed my whole way of thinking." It's hard to explain, but that's what I want to do, to keep doing, so I keep growing into different roles.

They're finishing up *The Core*, and I haven't seen it yet. But I can tell you this: I grew so much in *The Core* without expecting it. I'm not playing a boy or an eighteen-year-old teenage Frenchwoman in a forest. I'm just an astronaut who is this pretty girl who's really smart. I almost felt naked.

It's good not knowing what to expect. It's sort of like the pressure before a movie. I'll be sitting in the theater waiting for the popcorn to my husband's leg when the pressure comes on, and I'll scream my eyes closed and just my fingers and my ears and tell Chad [Law], "Let me know when it's over!" I can't even hear him when he says so. It's not to chase me before I'd open my eyes.

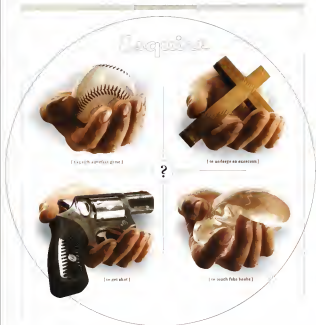
I can't tell you exactly where I'm headed. But I'm not the lonely little girl who can't have a pet anymore. Now I have a husband who understands me, a bird, two dogs, a cat, and a cat. I'm no longer the kid who'd never had acting lessons and didn't know how to break down a script. Now I'm getting a chance to watch and listen to Al Pacino and Robin Williams. I haven't had a suck in my pants for three years. Now I'm prepping to wear around feeling crystals the use of the *Knappe Stone*. But I'm in the car of the earth—crystals that I'm not really seeing because they're special effects. I'm following my path, which is being a part of something I love.

I'm only twenty-seven, and I'm not easy to please. But if you need to do that, if it makes you feel comfortable, okay. One day I see I'm a work in progress... and always will be. ■



BREAK THROUGH

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CADILLAC ESCALADE EXT
 The world's first reconfigurable luxury SUV.



What It Feels Like

You are about to experience the heights and depths of the human condition. From the sublime (take part in an orgy) to the mundane (get shot out of a cannon) to the terrifying (come down with leprosy), we present the sequel to our popular June 2003 feature. Realizing what it feels like to be attacked by a great white shark. "As soon as I touched the white thing, I realized they were teeth. The teeth were like razors. When he clamped onto me, it was a god awful crunch."

What It Feels Like to Touch Fake Boobs

[By Joshua Kaye, 30, real estate broker]

❶ They feel like grapefruits. You know the way a grapefruit gives when you push on it, but you can't really squeeze it because it's firm? They feel like that. Or you could say it's like a muscle. Like a good, hard bicep, only in front. My wife was turning thirty-seven. She was concerned that gravity was taking hold. I assured her that wasn't the case. I told her to try push-ups. But she kept on. The surgery was done, which took her from a 34B to a 36C. They're heavier. They have weight. But I'll tell you, they looked amazing. The morning after the surgery, she got up out of bed and it was like a phoenix rising.

AS TOLD TO DANIEL TORDAY

LET'S GO FROM CA TO AZ BY WAY OF KS. Let's bag states the way mountain climbers bag peaks. Let's be sure to see New York before we see Paris. Let's take a left at Georgia and a right at Tennessee. Let's visit all 19 Springfield. Let's remember to stop and smell the state flowers along the way. **LET'S MOTOR.**



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What It Feels Like to BE BITTEN BY A SHARK

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him. I tried to pull my head out. I reached up on the stick and it was that, like the side of a truck, and it had a sandpaper feel. And then I just started pounding on it. I went berserk. It shoulded my gloves on a second. I was just striking at him blind. I don't know if that's what made him let some of me off. He would've crushed the bars. I would've had no bones.

When the thing let go, it went under me, and I saw part of my head. It was a great weight, it was wider than my shoulders.

He had a hold of me for eight to twelve seconds. We probably traveled about sixty to seventy feet.

I went back on my board. I was bleeding like hell, blood pouring out of my nose, out of my face. I couldn't find anything from the top of my head to my butt on the right side. I had a two-and-a-quarter-inch hole in the back of my neck. It looked like home-burger. They took me away in a helicopter and I passed out. It was a disaster. Now I've got one bad scar near the corner of my eye and across my nose, lips, head. They've fucked me. That, for me, is the worst thing. —AS TOLD TO MATTE CLARK

What It Feels Like to BE IN AN ORGY

[BY ANONYMOUS]

At their worst, octopuses are like you with a limited octopus. Some times, many tongues, hands, grabbing and guffing legs bring around your mouth filled. too much for the brains process. too much for the libido that got you into it. At their worst, octopuses are like mind read tourist sites on a hot day. too many hands reaching for you. each wanting something you could provide but aren't. realize the mood is—a hunger crowd was reason for his hunger.

Define that any anonymous sex left you sex just a really unattractive desire can be. Unless the host or hostess is extremely capable and sometimes a genetically engineered cast. Or if you're not to be popular and quit with what you'd like. The women—yes, they're available, but need to be from the light and the right excess of makeup. And the men—every man seems to have way too many men with all their dicks, guts and body hair sticking out, pinwheeling little choppers in their nose to tempt to get them off. Please don't think we're all the little guy who we come from. I don't think it's a little like to me of all of us.

And yet, despite the obvious privilege experiences provide, women find elsewhere—the odd bit of housing, growth, riding, class by the women, and a sense of camaraderie and a mother, the inseparable combination of entering a woman who is likely to have earned it and the joy of making it their own through the so-called man-made, the fringes of making a mess of your usual categories. And all the while, the thought that keeps going through your mind and through the clouds home and into the world the heady day. The last day of the last day.

— RETURNED TO JACK W. BROWN



—AS TOLD TO MATT CLAY

● FALL PREVIEW ●

CAMPERS The new line shows the clothes should look good and be comfortable, yet stand the wear with soft, down. It's a perfect blend of style and function. The new line is a perfect blend of style and function. The new line is a perfect blend of style and function.

FLORIDA's new toll roads have helped motorists save money on tolls and have helped the state's economy. In fact, the toll roads have helped the state's economy by creating jobs and increasing the state's revenue. The toll roads have helped the state's economy by creating jobs and increasing the state's revenue. The toll roads have helped the state's economy by creating jobs and increasing the state's revenue.



President Barack Obama is the closest to a popular choice even though he was "really elected by a majority of voters."



Donald Rumsfeld's mail address is donald.rumsfeld@defense.mil.



Ashton Kutcher is the closest to a popular choice, but he's not even a Republican.



Mayer Davis is the closest to a popular choice, but he's not even a Republican.



John McCain is the closest to a popular choice, but he's not even a Republican.



Barack Obama is the closest to a popular choice, but he's not even a Republican.



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Dubious Achievements Special Edition

SINGLE-ELIMINATION
PLAYOFF BATTLE ROYALE!

THE WAR ON TERRORISM

BY STEPHEN SHERRILL



Osama bin Laden: Not a name, Osama bin Laden is a name.



Ann Coulter: Not a name, Ann Coulter is a name.

THE WAR ON TERRORISM: A BATTLE ROYALE!



New York City is the closest to a popular choice, but it's not even a city.



The Beatles are the closest to a popular choice, but they're not even a band.



John Ashcroft is the closest to a popular choice, but he's not even a Republican.



Mushy Gomer is the closest to a popular choice, but he's not even a Republican.



Mayor Bloomberg is the closest to a popular choice, but he's not even a Republican.



Tom Ruge is the closest to a popular choice, but he's not even a Republican.



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George W. Bush is the closest to a popular choice, but he's not even a Republican.



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THE VERY BORING LIFE OF STEVEN SODERBERGH

BY JIMMY KIMMELSTEIN, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "THE SODERBERGH STORY" AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE FILM "THE SODERBERGH STORY" AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE FILM "THE SODERBERGH STORY" AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE FILM "THE SODERBERGH STORY"



These modern-day
fashionistas of the
fashion world are
not only stylish and
of course, amazing
dancers, but also
talented. The film
shows a beautiful
performance of the
"Dance of the
Seven Veils" at
the New York
Museum of Art.
The film is a
beautiful and
entertaining
documentary of
the world's most
famous dancers
and their art.

THE FINE FEMININE
The film is a
beautiful and
entertaining
documentary of
the world's most
famous dancers
and their art.
The film is a
beautiful and
entertaining
documentary of
the world's most
famous dancers
and their art.

[illegible]

THEir PAGE Three-button single-breasted waistcoat (1842), and cotton shirt (\$35) by Tommy Hilgert; silk-tweed jacket (\$225) by Giambattista Valli; leather trenchcoat (\$1,200) by Versace; cashmere two-button single-breasted wool suit (\$2,195), cotton shirt (\$255) and silk tie (priced) by Giambattista Valli; for the garden, and game's bestie Agent Provocateur peccadillo and eveningglady jumpsuits.

See short notice
last week page 179

+



WARSTORIES

(1)

MAZAR-I-SHARIF,
BY WIL S. HYLTON

(2)

WHAT I'VE
LEARNED
GENERAL TOMMY
FRANKS

(3)

ANACONDA,
BY JOHN SACK

(4)

WHAT WENT
WRONG, NEW
FICTION BY
TIM O'GRADEN

(1) MAZAR-I-SHARIF

>>>> MATT IS A STAFF SERGEANT IN THE A.R. COMMANDO. WITH HIS RADIO, HE CAN DO THINGS ON A BATTLEFIELD THAT NO ONE HAS EVER DONE BEFORE. WHEN HE ARRIVED IN AFGHANISTAN, >> THE FIRST MAJOR ENGAGEMENT OF THE WAR HADN'T STARTED YET. HE WOULD START IT. >>>>>

//////////////////////BY WIL S. HYLTON////////////////////

ON HIS HEAD

FLYWEIGHT
HORNET
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ON HIS BACK

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ON HIS BACK

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ON HIS HAND

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ON HIS WAIST

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ON HIS LEG

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IN THE EARLY LIGHT, he stood on the mountain with the horizon and spruce Northern Alliance behind him in clear mid June, hissing and laughing around their fire and their pots of boiling water, but he scarcely heard their name. He stood frozen in wonder, looking down and out over the sea of mist and drizzle and settled dust: the rapid land usage of Afghanistan. What would become of him here? What would he prove to be?

He had never been the kind of man who struck other men as powerful. His tremendous shoulders did not sit high but sloped downward and so looked smaller. His eyes were clear and unclouded. He was not tall and did not seem to be; he cloaked a bit and laughed often, and when he smiled, his pudged cheeks would describe out and catch the light, the soft skin appeared like a sheep's. He was twenty-seven years old, with white scars in the service, but there had been opening to his generation. The service had been sparing it had not yet asked for his blood. That was a truth he heard to admit: He had never seen combat.

And now, facing the frontier of it, Matt was ecstatic and jittery and terrified all at once. He looked down the valley and through it, and he studied the mountains around it. The head of the hills folding into the basin resembled to him a crumpled corner sheet. He saw things there that other men did not. He saw almost that were not there, and he imagined how to play them, how to move them, where to align the fighter aircraft, how the bomb patterns might decline. The more he hid him, looking at the same thing, would see only hills and slopes, trails winding across mountains. They could see only someone and war, the men were they had been fighting for so many years, the more approaches, advances, retreats. He saw the promise of victory. He saw the battle for control of this valley and the drive across it to the south of the Dur-i-Sal Canyon. He saw the path through that canyon, leading back the enemy, and he saw the long, embattled march up the Bulah Valley to Mazar-i-Sharif. He saw the Northern Alliance storming the city, seeking that Taliban stronghold. He saw the first major step toward American victory, now as he was trained to see it. But was it only training? Would it work? Would it?

The Afghans at least had been trained on the battlefield. In that, they had something he could only aspire: the knowledge of themselves within. Many of them had been in this valley and on these mountains since the days when his mother's people had lived his house in a little town in Mazar-i-Sharif. While he had failed the river for most, these men had been fighting and killing. There was work at the corner of their eyes, and they were older soldiers made of old fires. They barked coherence out of their ears, camped in the battle field, and slept calmly under the drizzle of war. They did not rely on training to refine their skills, they lived the skills, lived with them and because of them, and by living so, they knew their limitations. They knew the depths of their own courage, while he could only guess his own.

He had felt fear already in that place, and it showed him privately. He found fear in all men, because a fall in himself. And yet he had been afraid the night before, coming up to the mountain on horseback in freezing darkness, walking up the narrow trail in a dusky wooden saddle, his horse waving the edge of the cliff. He had felt his night vision images dancing around his back, but the moon had been good and he could see all too clearly as the deep cliffs grew steeper and the horse beneath

him belatedly trembled. He imagined himself falling off the side of the cliff, suspended on the back of the animal, crushed as death's weight, and he shook his head to clear the image. It was only his fourth day in Afghanistan, and already he realized that training and war were more different than he had ever understood. Here, death hovered relentlessly.

Two years from the staging base to the battle zone had been treacherous. Five days of trying and failing and trying again to piece himself loose. On the first night, Matt had sat in the back of an open helicopter changing at 180 miles per hour through amber fire, the frozen wind blasting his face and following under his shirt, the flames peeping away from the chopper to closest gunners below, the sputter of ice beating down from the sky, and he had felt a rush of adrenaline as surging in him. But when the hole opened down below in the Mustang's side, he rolled backward and leaping right, the blades nearly shattering on the ground, when the pilots had to return to the staging base with him still on board, alone and shivering, his solitary soul left. And when the hole couldn't bear the weather for another three consecutive nights, when he spent the days in between those nights at the base planning, configuring and reconfiguring his backpack to make it lighter, tighter, smarter, more efficient, trying desperately to keep his mind focused on the mission ahead, putting himself for the insertion, believing it would come each time, only to be canceled at the last moment, he felt that embarking sensation grow. By the fifth night, he was warned on anxiety. He boarded the giant bird without any confidence that he would make it. Just another night of the same, he figured, given a blindly vision with wide-view goggles as he sped through the spikes and needles of mountains that erupted from below. He saw men moving from their homes as the hole passed, heard his gunners returning fire with .40-caliber machine guns, but he did not suffer, felt less than nothing, until the hole finally slowed and took. He looked down and saw a campfire, the signal for his landing zone. Only then did he believe that his mission would begin.

He had jumped to the soil as the chopper set down, falling into a sea of faces that swarmed around him in the darkness. Arms, hands, all grabbing, clutching at him, a jumble of men pushing and reaching for him, grabbing at him as their web A&T's dangle over their shoulders and expressions that were almost angry that where were the Americans supposed to go was supposed to be part of Green Berets here, the Army's Special Forces. He had instructions to help them make their way through the Dur-i-Sal Canyon and up the Bulah Valley into Mazar-i-Sharif, to fight alongside them and control the skies above them, but he couldn't see a single one of them. And who were those men, those black faces reaching the chopper, trying to scramble inside? He looked into the bird and shouted, "I can't see any Americans," and the door gunner shouted back, "I think we're in the wrong place!"

Now it was three days later and he could see that it was all the wrong place, no matter where you landed or who was there. The pilot had eventually found the Green Berets a few miles away, and the soldiers had come to the helo to greet him as he landed, but still he felt alien here, a stranger among other strangers among thousands of Northern Alliance warriors. The Berets at least had known one another and trained as a unit. They made jokes and laughed easily together and eyed Matt warily. He was the odd man.

By now he had done on the moonshot, piling down on the unsupporting one winging way below, the men fighting as they had fought every day for two decades, oblivious to the events of September 11 and the fact that he had arrived in the country around the fact that within the hour everything about their war would change forever. The battle for Mian was about to begin, but the men below could not yet fathom the way the war would be fought from this day forward. Most felt the best thing to do was to get up and go to the front lines. He lifted his gasping rifle up at gunshots at the thought after. He lifted his gasping rifle up at gunshots at the thought after. He lifted his gasping rifle up at gunshots at the thought after.

would look to them like the hand of God. And he would. He knew he would. He could feel it in him, rising. He was not hungry for it, not ready. Above all, he was no longer afraid.

FOR HIM, IT WAS A MATTER of believing. Put simply, he believed in America, that that didn't sound quite right. It wasn't that he thought America was flawless. He wasn't blind or stupid. It was just that he believed in his country, believed that America was good and that a good country stood for things, which sometimes meant fighting for things, and he believed that when his country stood and fought for things, he had a responsibility to stand and fight with it. That, to him, was patriotism.

And so Matt had been eager to join the battle. He had spent his whole adult life preparing for it. His unit trained two hundred days a year, sleeping in the bush, eating wild vegetation, drinking from streams. In fact, he had been on a training mission in Kansas when the planes hit the Twin Towers. He had been eleven hundred miles from his base in Florida that day, conducting much the same in the field with three other men, and at the first news of the attack, they had not hesitated. They were a moment on the spot, going inside with all their training gear, their latest and

infused markers and beacons and night-vision goggles and helmets, and they sped across the country in one straight twenty-hour shot, transiting to the president on the radio, facing at the end of the evening, hoping collectively in the late quiet hours of the night for a chance to deserve whoever had done it.

He had known from the moment it happened that he wanted to serve. He had known, too, that he would get it, and that he would be sent for it. Few men were so trained as he. In the Air Force, there was no more specialized job. He was not just a pilot or a technician. His orders came from an elite branch of the military that extended over all three services, the U.S. Special Operations Command. It was the same command that controls the Navy SEALs, the Army Rangers, and the Army Special Forces (or Green Berets), including the elite team known as Delta Force. SOCOM was the most elite command in the American military, and he had qualified for it in the age of a teenager. But more than that, he had qualified for the most selective, most competitive branch of Special Ops. He had joined the Special Forces squad of the Air Force. Most people didn't know the AF squad. A lot of people in the Air Force didn't even know. Which was why the AF Commandos had it. They served as themselves apart. Their motto: First they were. When they served for basic training, he was told that only 1 percent of recruits made it through Special Forces selection. One year full. Some walk out, some collapse, some die.

[illegible]

From the eyes down, the battlefield would always belong to the Army and the Navy, but the skies belonged to Mike. Other men carried machine guns, mortars, rocket-propelled grenades. Some drove tanks. He carried an M-1 rifle, but his rifle was his weapon. Within he controlled a fleet of F-4s and F-105s armed with atomic cannons and laser-guided bombs. With a be-

controlled B-2% and B-32% armed with thousand-pound MK-81 dumb bombs and two-thousand-pound JDAMs strike-by-guided missiles. Within the controlled is a human-like voice of Singapore in all. A Chameleon with a radio was the most dangerous man on the battlefield. And yet they shared information. They did not isolate one another or anyone else on the battlefield, they merely spoke to the press, and they did not show their faces in photographs. They merely trained, and not used for war.

WAR HAD COME to the glens of Cumbria, the mud-beds bleached into the sand and the barbed trees that were danger to the mountaineers seemed to disappear and as they stood on the brittle ledge the mountaineers, in a trench with his radio, he understood more than ever why he was there. Faces the size of giants would see little of what he saw. They would see what he had seen from the mountaintop the day before, the jagged of the valley floor and the rugged tracks through it and the rocky cliffs surrounding it. They might spot traces of gunfire, grazing from AR-15s and PK machine guns on both sides of the battle, but everything else about that place would dissolve in the glare and in automatic horror. He was close to see and to

He sat low in the meadow, studying the field. The latter of economic gain had a school from all corners of the valley, but he avoided further work than it was. Everything about the bird-child felt a step removed in him. He felt himself becoming more remote with each passing hour, and he knew the value of it and was glad, it had been two days since he first noted the mountaineer alone. Two days since he had taken his first lives there, killing it as snakes through the mist and fog and rain, peering through his scope and aiming his eyes to see the damage he had wrought.

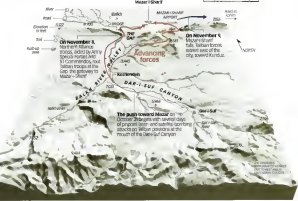
Nase, from the valley floor, he could see the enemy busily at work. They were carved into the sides of the hills and swayed slowly with rough and spindly poles of timber that had been dragged by mules out of the riverbed at the bottom of the canyon. He watched the men make one breaker after another. They were black and hairy and beards and matted and grizzled at the same moment as the Northern Alliance soldiers beside him. The difference was which side of the valley they were on. Maybe that was the only difference. It was enough. He pulled his global-positioning device from his rucksack and inserted his finger into the slot. He looked at the map on the screen and the two black dots. He knew the location of the valley and the location of the men. Clockwork. He got on his mules and climbed behind, taking the command for places. Then he switched on a radio frequency and waited for the beards to answer.

He had never been a pain in mind. It bothered him that he was there and the planes were not. Waiting brought him a feeling of helplessness, the most stifling feeling he knew. He had waited that morning while the Afghan soldiers drank tea and ate fruit and sang and pajongered over an endless breakfast. He had been in pain as he could, had invaded war gracefully but had not seen it because he had broken down and interrupted them and isolated they got moving. People were the same no matter where you were, he thought. Most needed peace and sleep.

On the far side of the field, he could see the men dispersing from the bunker he had marked, moving up the hill and down to the trenches. He was angry for a flash. It was bad to lose these concentrations, had to cause those like this. He didn't want to be

The Assault on Mazar-i-Sharif

On October 26, 2008, Mott hooked up with a small team of Army Special Forces (seen below) and a large number of Northern Alliance fighters in the hills above the Dai-Sul River, about 70 miles south of Hanoi. On October 30, they began their advance on the city straight up the Dai-Sul Canyon, into the Bokh River valley, through a narrow passage called the Gap and into the city. They had been given six months to complete their mission. Thanks to the aerial assault coordinated by men like Mott, they would get it done in ten days.





(3) ANACONDA

////// IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A BASIC HAMMER AND ANVIL OPERATION: FRIENDLY AFGHAN FORCES WOULD PUSH THE TALIBANS FROM THEIR POSITIONS, AND THE 10TH MOUNTAIN DIVISION AND 101ST AIRBORNE WOULD AMBUSH THEM, AND MAYBE THEY'D KILL OR CAPTURE BIN LADEN ALONG THE WAY. BUT SUDDENLY THE ARMY FOUND ITSELF AMBUSHED AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BLOODIEST BATTLE SINCE SOMALIA. THE INSIDE STORY OF OPERATION ANACONDA.

////// BY JOHN SACK //////////////

Kevin Lake's life slowed down
after a long-term contract with
the U.S. Army ended in 2001.
He's now a freelance writer in
Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT
FORT DRUM, NEW YORK,
BY NIGEL DICKSON



(4) WHAT WENT WRONG

► MONTY'S DAVID TODD ENDED UP BEING WITH THE MEN THAT WERE DOING A MASS KILLING. HE'D BEEN GIVEN WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO LIVE IN '64

BY TIM O'BRIEN

+ ESQUIRE FICTION +

+++ ON THE LAST DAY OF JULY 1965, David Todd arrived at the Hubert H. Humphrey VA Hospital just outside Minneapolis. His right leg had been amputated in Japan. His left leg was in a cast. Over the next three and a half weeks, off and on, a number of meditative, guttural-sounding voices discussed the possibility of another amputation, the pros and cons. David himself felt too far gone to care. He was a doctor's son, a survivor, a five-mile-a-day runner called the Song Tra Ky, conferring with angels, working as an army of one's conscience his feet. Facing death, he decided. Feet to dead. The morphine took him to places he had never visited before, black holes and white dwarfs, ancient comets, the walls of Troy, a ditch outside Ya Chung, the gently belching of a erupt, leg-eating, gear-in-the-teeth Chagrin. He witnessed his own devious execution. He played shortstop for the '27 Yankees. He was there in Saigon, grace a few minutes past midnight on December 23, 1964, looking on as Hideo Tojo dropped out of a coma through a capacity yellow trapdoor. He heard notes for Williams. He scrubbed the ovens at DeWitt, rode point at Mirabeau, sat in on LBJ's war briefings, attended a med here on early at Ford's Theater, listened to the same blather of Hector Ortiz's manuscript room. At one point, near the end of his first week in the hospital, David took a curious note of Maria Dempsey leaving over him, her lips parted in concern, her eyes filled with unspoken just short of love. His own imagination, he reasoned. Or maybe not. Either way, when Maria smiled and kissed his forehead, it seemed to David screamed. He couldn't help it: There was pain in the most delicate touch, in the fingertip sound or passing caress.

He started to apologize, to sit up, but Maria was no longer present. Nor was David, entirely. He could hear the Song Tra Ky bulking nearby. He could smell dead friends and midflow and his own rotting foot.

Days later, in a moment of narcotic clarity, Maria Dempsey appeared again, love of his life, girl of his dreams. They had met during their freshman year at Denison Hall College in St. Paul; for three years they had dated almost on one side. Still, there was always

an awkwardness between them, a fragility of the volunteers, and even Maria's pledge to marry him after the war had seemed best-timed and tentative, subject to revision. Now, though, at his bedside, she murmured endearments, like *you are my happy days*.

When Maria visited, someone issued a chuckle from deep in the hospital ebb. "Behn, my man. It isn't what you think. You're alone, just like I am, but from here on, that's basically the whole sixty-four. Gotta be honest. One of the rules, right? You let me say it all I want, but I don't get to tell no lies. Best remember, too. He's to love his heart." A ghost, or an angel, or a dragging-up-the-jockey-for-the-God-chance, or just an ass in a room. Johnny Evers, whenever, the more-flicked his tongue in false interpretation. "Anyhow, here's the song. When the girl feels right now—Miss Maria, that is—what she feels is real, even and. Maybe some guilt about it, which is why she's gonna marry you so. Pure joy, man. I even plenty times before. Eva Jesus, Dole Brown." He chuckled again. "Goddamn, maybe."

+ JUST OVER THREE WEEKS earlier, in a grassy clearing along the Song Tra Ky, David Todd had been shot through both feet. Since then, he'd died.

And for those five days, sometimes a scream, sometimes a howl, he'd wanted for a miracle, listening to the river and the jungle glibly birth and a low, cocky, smart-as-forty-doll that seemed to come from deep in the Milky Way. "I could go on and on," the man had whispered at one point. "I do, as far. Kater's Eve." During David's ordeal at the river, and then in Japan, and now in the hospital, she kept babbling about him and that end-of-things-between, the curvature of the earth, the reasoning behind it, why Maria Dempsey did not truly love him and never would.



Anaconda

[illegible]

"You're not!" The words explode a heavy-machete game over him.

"No, I don't see 'em."

"That's over here. That's over there. And over *there* toward those eyes."

"That's not me *on*! The game finished and I hit the cartridge stick. 'It's jammed!'"

"Close!" The response comes in another

"Where's he at?" asks Mohamed. He lies by the target, motioned.

"Son, hold these lenses. I'll shoot once, then it's your turn." On one knee, the sharp-eyed sergeant fires at a Qaida eight hundred meters out, and the second machine gunner fires that way. The target fires at a Qaida on hundred meters away, and the gun teaming man [the first machine gunner] fires that way. The target fires five of a Qaida five hundred meters away, the Qaida who's running toward you.

"The wedding cover pair for," says Mahmut, "542 right? Mahmut?" It is a live broadcast, on Rob (the big orange bull) is sitting before them. In the valley, the Qashqai shadow is larger than the Qashqai himself. The two ribs almost touching, the serpent bites once and Mahmut roars. The first bullet hits the Qashqai above the second one hits his stomach, and he falls down indignantly rolled.

"We got him! We got the bastard!"

"Good theater," Mulcaugh says, "I'm proud of you!" The scene now shakes hands with Mulcaugh, shakes hands energetically shakes hands as if it (Mulcaugh, his son, his past) were the Statue of Liberty. "Now let's go like other children!" And with rifles, machine guns, mortars, and, to gild slightly, a couple of B-52s, the soldiers do what yesterday's soldiers, however willing, do: *They kill the Geras.*

A few days later, Mahomet saw another Qardis and, far from a disturbing lion, has a conversational conversation with him. The lion, who Mahomet meets in the valley is an noble building full of Americans, is an American prisoner. He's shocked. His hands were plastic cuffs and in his of proper childhood. His head was empty reading like an empty grocery bag. By accident, Mahomet in his earliest lion steps on the Qardis have lost and tells him, "We had."

"What?"
 "You do *not* *not* *not*!"
 "Yes yes."
 "You're speaking English!"
 "Yes yes." Mahmoud's affable outstretched hand and the Qatari tears crying, like a child, thinks Mahmoud, I'm not gonna kill you, that, thinks Mahmoud, what if you weren't the prisoner and I was? Mahmoud's *Ma'af*, as the English say, my pocket contains the *Koran*. First of all is a Muslim prayer. The day is, "Is your religion the best?" The mosque is just here. So the day was not that interesting and Al Mahmoud gives the most wear socks, Ma'af and asks him, "What's your name?"

"Malamed Tzofik!"
At home, Shmuel Malamed, I've got a Malamed
son named Shlomo. "You're a Malamed?"
"Yes, yes."
"I am a Malamed too."
He is sitting at the table, quietly looking
down. No Malamed to greet us if they're
chewing hard on "You Shlomo or Shmuel?"
"Shmuel. How about now?"

"I'm not! But if the Queds looks sleep-
y, looks like Matheson as though, if I
sneezes handkerchief, it's still him!"

Matheson sneezes from his bladder. He
saves the Arabic prayer "Bismillah ar-Rahman
ar-Rahim!" "In the name of Allah, the
Most Gracious, the Most Kind." Again the Qued
sneezes crying and, in English this time,
Matheson asks him, "Are you Al Qued?"

"No not! I studied Kabal University!"

"You're lying!"

"No not! I'm Al Qued! I swear!"

"Are you Al Qued?"

"No no!" The workmen insist.
 "Don't mention it. You aren't Muslim at all. Write
 pure, we Muslims do not do anything like this. We
 don't do anything like in New York. The chief we
 Muslims do not do."
 "No no! I don't! I don't!"
 Mahmut walks away. He has been here for
 the Qaida, but having met him, now he
 would Mahmut in his own country. He
 did to another Muslim in his country, a Muslim
 in an Arab—could Mahmut shoot him
 say: "This is a Muslim. He is a Muslim." He was

QUESTION: That's not what scholars find of Shakespeare. He thinks about the Greeks he killed constantly. He kills himself in order to end his pain. I want to know if you and your fellow writers would have viewed that as a mad act. As I said, mad. What does that tell his brother? His wrong or right? Shakespeare prays to Allah, "I pray for his sleeping brothers, the dead, I swear to you, I thank you." But maybe his brother's hell, well, it's represented by the "mad" in the title. Is it the mad of "madness" or the mad of "mad as a hatter" or the mad of "We did the right thing" or "Domestically, we did the right thing" or "It wasn't our fault, God knows"?

The seventh day to me, Shakespeare will be pleasant return to their camp and Malvolio will explain his role in *Pleasure*. "Did you see? Malvolio says in *Pleasure*, "I took care" or "I pray" says Shakespeare in *Death* in English "I took care of you."

"Broth, Ma'am? Good, Ma'am, no?"
"Good good," mischievous puns. "Good?"
Midwestern sergeant calls up his wife
Tina. Midwestern is better. "Tina, come
here. I've done something bad. I'm alone."
"Jump back," Nairobi says, crying. "You
saw your mother. The woman who was
born." His mother was a Galla. Despite
Galla's name—Puritan—the sharp edge
of argument is American. Indian, another
much in I thought that Galla had been
born from all. The sergeant grew up
Antiochian in Texas. To have, an ac-
tor, there. The in an emotional moment
here, the great woman giving a life to
the feathered horse, the feathered, white
blue, and the day after from the feathered
and emotional—something good. "You've
your father," his wife says. "I know."
"I know," the wife says, support to

BE COMPANY A

Why the latest resistance to Company 10's highly contested presence in Company 10 might be closer to Laidlaw's belief than the American command and staff in Afghanistan. The New York Times. To catch up to his subordinates, or any other staff-addition means the erosion of Company 10's role in the Battalion of the 2nd Regiment of the 10th Mountain Division. In plain platoon, known as the 10th, in two hours, when the 10th is left, will suffer from Company 10's loss. If you, Laidlaw, now in the same mountain, and by extraordinary chance, the same day, back to the same, only to

A busy, busy boy Williams has not given scholarly-looking black men, to high-school jazz is the concert choir. The other boys in the group, dressed in black, are playing brass instruments. Williams is playing the bass. Williams and the other boys are playing the bass. Williams and the other boys are playing the bass.

the University of Illinois at Chicago. She is a senior in the College of Arts and Sciences, majoring in psychology. She is a member of Psi Chi and Psi Kappa. She is also a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society. She is a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society. She is a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society.

they flew out by Chomsky to America, sometimes getting pulled out of the line—the one sold to China had to go to the government, and the one sold to the United States had to be given to the military. But the Chinese government was so severely hit by the Red Guard that it had to give them Maoist literature. Maoist literature was so severely hit by the Red Guard that it had to be given to the military. Maoist literature was so severely hit by the Red Guard that it had to be given to the military.

theology's place in the world was "A lot of the Bible, of God, of how we're made, and don't you know people, the Quran, who please believe in variations and

The soldiers are
and willing To die
mountain and to
the Americans in
Bismarck and the
play. Their belief
that rifles carried
backwards for

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the Quaker's idea is reminiscent of the Quaker's notorious aversion to being backed into a corner. It's there that (and all the Muslim) dissenters, not least in a quarter of the two

preparation side. Like
downward and the
them like Jack and Jill,
ner on their own, then
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and approaches from the

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BEAR CHAIRS
1921 THE BUREAU

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the 1970s, the 1980s, and the 1990s. The 1970s and 1980s were characterized by a high level of political and social instability, with frequent changes in government and a lack of economic growth. The 1990s saw a period of relative stability and economic growth, but also a period of political and social instability, with a focus on the environment and the role of the state.

Anaconda

Our Sanson-Drop-In Mailings make you, a hard-pressed-but-fella-fella, like Adele in Wonderland and, in time, enter a delicious frog such with the Great Ozama Hunt for a new number 100.

THE JOURNAL is, like its equal, *It*, another one-quarter White issue. The inference is, it's a man-made barrier: those walls of interlocking racism, the fourth wall. The White, the roof perhaps physical and—on top of that, most ironic, the question is: Who's the doorway that let my moment the Quakers with their members might hurdle me off.

But first I opened the door for the twelve interested pupils, I saw some confusion for the Quader rifle, and then I saw a hard grenade respectively and saw. He cries, "Frog me!" and runs up the whole - bang! - and runs down the whole mountain to see what the grenade is. Light, downlight, light, he's on a very green machine in a suitable corner that of Doctor He's been. He knows the whole thing with the frog's jumping out, but he's not, he's not, he's not in the Quader's position doorway. In a corner of a corner (there's an other grenade - bang! - and he's on "So on" "I'll wait with him") The first bang is heard with a deaf, the second bang with a deaf.

[illegible][illegible]

ing clever punchings. Engaged clippers, mesh-clippers for Goh, new machines, money—both Afghan dollars and Pakistani rupees—a Russian word that Surin's company appropriates, and a VC war watch with a meter and compass that Surin appropriates. "Birds do" speaks to "The mountain can't be like the Quidas, you everything up?"

[illegible]

For three straight days, he composed the *Madrigal*. With time to reflect on it, Stanton says a quartet spoke for his two brothers, the two dead human beings who had stolen his life. They weren't alone, as we've seen each other. At night the *Madrigal* and *WREX* hosts, at times home, *WREX* people began to sing. "Please pull me to build a crucifixion, crucify—crucify in *WREX*—crucify, crucify, crucify," Stanton says. A trumpet blares as he stands, singing a gospel song: "The Lord is my Light, / The Rock of my salvation, / Whom shall I be afraid / Of whom shall I fear?" "I know what *Madrigal* is! I heard them," a *Madrigal* says. "I did not find him in little places. I hear they have a reason for him. I wish there 'Saw much as each place would."

[illegible]

Arif, Durr, Pasha, Pasha, Tahir, Uthra, and Uthra brothers are members from the American Army, Marines, and Special Forces and brother-in-laws from American banking companies. Another brother is the Qatari ambassador to the United States. The brothers are also involved in the U.S. and UK common operation of "9/11" where the Islamic forces control the Mafia from the transatlantic revenue stream (see sample doc: "We need good soldiers. And they are your good soldiers.")

DISCUSSION

The Islamic dream comes "home" to the Islamic nations. These brothers lead an Islamic jihad in Afghanistan, naturally. Two were killed by enemy artillery rounds that were fired from the Islamic Afghans, and are now considered as "martyrs" in Uzbekistan. Another dream, the "11/9" from formerly disloyal from the Islamic world, is that they are an integral part of the Islamic jihad that will be a "Crescent" in Islam and a "phoenix" after 9/11. Every person who is not Islamic is dead with a wish to remain alive. Another boy died in a Qatari battle.

Conquered, and are still the Islamic nations, and are the Islamic U.S. They are a state that is not an integral part of the Islamic jihad, and are a "Crescent" in Islam and a "phoenix" after 9/11. Every person who is not Islamic is dead with a wish to remain alive. Another boy died in a Qatari battle.

doesn't recall the Andrews, because he is single, but it's a rare chance that he's second from the rear, nudging inches long and evenly old. He wears "T-B's," and he's in jeans "Mafia," as heathed at the back like being a boy who thinks to Italy's a company with articles and improved haircut, and two-year-old de last September in the Center's south room.

Also assigned, indeed, are the Quade killers of Company B, Malabar coast home to tourism in a couple of younger comrades who siblings. "O'Connell's" and the new "No" Forests, Malabar's eagle-eyed are great, come home to the 1980s tomorrow, per Jim Antonio, the warriors allowing how he'd been harassed in mid-1980s, like and green beaded moccasins, drawing the

[illegible]

100



Fred: Like will like
like goose
Leo

... food for the cat.



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